So much more than this by byzinha

Category: Stranger Things, 2016
Genre: Humor, Romance
Language: English
Characters: Dustin H., Eleven/Jane H., Max M., Mike W.
Pairings: Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.
Status: Completed
Published: 2017-11-13 12:37:26
Updated: 2017-11-13 12:37:26
Packaged: 2019-12-17 04:52:03
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,317
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: or the one El fights the clock / T for cussing

So much more than this

Author's note: So I was reading SmoothFluffe's fic (check it out!) and it reminded me of this oneshot I was meaning to write back in the day, before I had another idea, so despite my hurt wrist, I set to write it as part of my prompts challenge. hope you guys enjoy!

This is covering prompt #7.

Stranger Things and its characters don't belong to me.

Reviews are welcomed.

So much more than this

x

The clock's arms moved awfully slow for a class that prioritized *numbers*. Bored out of her mind, El would glance at it every eternity, but it always came up only a couple of minutes top ahead of the last time she checked.

Whoever said that school was great was an idiot.

"What's up with you?" Dustin hushed at her. He was the best of math out of all of them, so it was nice of him to sit by her side (since she still had a bit of a hard time sometimes), but mostly, El just wanted to be out of there.

"Nothing," she said keeping her eyes ahead. "I'm just exhausted."

"How can you be exhausted? It's Monday!"

It wasn't Monday, but he liked to be dramatic. Slowly, El turned her head to look at him.

"So?"

He didn't have an answer for her, as expected, so she nodded solemnly and glanced at the clock again. Only one minute had

passed.

"Oh, for fuck's sake!" El exclaimed frustrated and perhaps a bit too loud.

"Hopper!" the teacher repressed. "Language!"

She raised a hand not half as apologetically as she should be, and then rolled her eyes wondering what kind of fucked up curse she was in for school not to be over already. She had *things* to do! Things that were way more interesting than sitting through this class making letters turn into numbers, who the fuck cares about that shit? Things like… having Eggos with Hop for his work break and… softball practice, and…

Okay, fine, none of those things mattered either. What El really wanted, really looked forward to, was Mike. And she couldn't wait, she *just couldn't wait* to find him as soon as the bell rang, because he was the only one who held her interest for long enough, the only one she'd like to talk to and hold, and, *fine*, kiss many, many times.

There was no Mike in math class! They shared English, German and social studies, and they had the same PE period, though separately, as well as the same lunch period, which apparently was a miracle, but none of those things were enough.

El was so deep into her mopping that she almost didn't process the bell ringing. *Almost* because she was so conditioned to bolt out of the room as soon as class was over that her body reacted to the ringing faster than her mind. Almost with a robotic precision, El shoved her things inside her backpack and was out of there before Dustin or anyone could direct a word at her.

"El, where are you going?" Dustin called, getting a few confused glances from his classmates. Everyone thought her name was Jane, and it was too soon into 9th grade to explain how her nickname had nothing to do with her name.

El knew exactly where Mike was, so instead of turning right – to where her next class would be – she turned left, walking as fast as one could without actually running (apparently, it was a Big Deal to

run in the school's corridors and she could get into Deep Shit if she kept doing that, another thing that made zero sense in this world). With her backpack hung on one shoulder, she passed by jocks and cheerleaders to find him in front of his locker stashing some books in.

"Mike!" she called catching his attention.

He looked at her and smiled warmly, making her heart skip a beat, and as soon as El was close enough, she dropped the backpack and threw her arms around his neck, locking lips with him passionately.

Barely able to react, Mike arms went around her waist and El stood on the tip of her toes, one hand in his hair as they stumbled against the lockers loudly, without a care in the world. Mike's hands went up her back to steady her and they parted for just a second to catch their breaths, eyes still closed as they collapsed again now full on French kissing, tongues tangling and small bites.

The first bell rang announcing five minutes to next class, and on the back of her mind El thought about how time decided to pass quickly *now*, though the thought wasn't strong enough to make them stop. They did slow down a little, but still seemed far from resume their make out session.

"Uh, excuse me? My locker," someone said behind Mike, but El just waved the person off, getting a confused "What the fuck?" in response.

"Sorry about that," someone else, Will to be exact, said. "They're annoying, I know."

El smiled in the kiss, not even tired of kissing Mike yet. Hell, she'd been waiting for it since second period, when they had to go to separate classes. She just wanted to be with him all the time, and she had no idea if that need would ever ease. To be fair, she didn't even want for it to ease, because nothing could compare to Mike. Hop kept saying that it'd pass, that they were too young to feel so strongly about each other, but Karen knew better when she took a look at them and just… nodded solemnly, as if it was settled – which, to be honest, was.

"…the third time this week, and it's Wednesday!" the locker person kept complaining. "Dick, come on, do something."

Oh, crap.

There was a loud bang against the lockers right by El's head and slower than they probably should, she and Mike separated, their lips and the tip of their noses showcasing the same shade of red, and they looked at Dick, the inspector, apologetically.

Behind him, they spotted Will shaking his head tiredly, as well as Lucas and Max looking at them with that bored expression of theirs, as if they were tired of their shit, which was probably the case.

"You know what I'm going to say, right?" Dick said very seriously pointing a finger at them.

"Get a room?" El suggested. Mike chuckled.

"That would be Lucas," he said to her and she nodded. True. Dick frowned at them.

"No," he replied annoyed. "What I'm going to say is scram! You're on the way."

El opened her mouth to answer, but Mike was faster, pulling her by the waist from the lockers before she could run her mouth like she always did.

"Sure, yes, of course, sorry," he blurted out in one breath and she looked at him wondering *what the hell*.

Mike just smiled and nodded in a series of cordialities she was still unaware of, even with the crazy amount of soap operas she watched, until the inspector turned around and left. Their friends stepped closer, mostly because one of the lockers they'd been obstructing was Max's.

"You guys are a pain in the ass, you know that, right?" Max complained doing her best to change books as fast as she could before the bell rang again indicating the beginning of 4th period.

El just shrugged and looked up at Mike, who smirked, his arm now around her shoulders. She held his shirt pulling him closer and he leaned down for another kiss. Everyone around them moaned.

"Oh, my God!" some exclaimed.

They didn't care. Never did, never would.